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DECEMBER

the Lone Ranger





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the Lone Ranger

The Bounty Hunters

SOUTH OF THE RIO GRANDE ABOVE THE RIDGE BEHIND A SLEEPING MEXICAN RANCH, SUDDENLY...



THE APACHE CHIEFTAIN RED ARROW SIGNALS HIS BRIDES FORWARD...



LET THE RED ARROWS BURN! LOOK THE APACHES!



WOMEN AND APACHES!



THEY KILL RED ARROWS!

BEFORE THEY ESCAPE!



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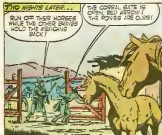
AWEEE!

YOU SPILL THEIR TREASURES!



MINUTES LATER, THE LOOTERS LEAVE THE BURNING BUILDINGS...

WHAT WE HAVE NOT TAKEN---THE FIRE WILL CLAIM!



TWO NIGHTS LATER...

RUN OFF THEIR HORSES WHILE THE OTHER BRIGADES HOLD THE FIGHTING BACK!

THE CORRAL GATE IS OPEN, RED ARROW! THE PONIES ARE OURS!



THE NEXT DAY...

KEEP GOING! IF NOT EARLY FIND WHERE WENESADE ARCHERS WHO JUMP OBSERVATION CROSS THE RIO GRANDE! THERE MANY GOOD PLACES!

I KNOW TONTO! BUT IF WE'RE TO HELP RED ARROW RIDE ON MEXICAN TERRITORY, WE MUST FIND OUT WHERE THE SOLDIERS CROSS---THEN THE TROOPS CAN TRAP THEM THERE!



WACA, SCOUT!

APACHE RIDERS! THEY MUST BE WAITING FOR DUEY BEFORE THEY CROSS THE RIO!



WE SEE TROOPS NOT FAR BACK!

TAKE THIS SILVER BULLET TO THEIR COMMANDER, COLONEL STON, AND ASK HIM TO COME HERE! I'LL WATCH THE ARCHERS UNTIL YOU RETURN!









AH!!

LET'S HOPE THAT ARM WOUND
WILL SLOW DOWN
THE OTHERS!



SOON...

THEY
NOT
FOLLOW!

NOW WE KNOW
WHERE RED ARROW
WAS CAMPING!



IT NOT BE
EASY TO GET
NEAR CAMP
NOW!

RED ARROW MAY MOVE CAMP TO
ANOTHER PLACE BEFORE WE CAN
RETURN WITH THE TROOPS!



ADVANCE...

COLONEL, STOP, AS
GOVERNOR OF THE MEXICAN
STATE OF SONORA, IT IS
MY DUTY TO SEE THAT THE
MEXICAN SETTLERS ARE
PROTECTED FROM THE
RAIDING APACHES WHO
CROSS THE RIO FROM
YOUR SIDE!

MY MEN ARE
DOING ALL
THEY CAN
TO PREVENT
THOSE
RAIDS!



IS, BUT IT IS NOW ENOUGH!
I SEE YOU I HAVE A WAY TO
STOP THE APACHES—I WILL
OFFER A BOUNTY FOR
THEIR SCALPS! LET THEM
BE HUNTED LIKE THE
ANIMALS THEY ARE!

SURELY YOU
CAN'T MEAN
THAT! WE'D BE
AS GUILTY AS
THEY ARE TO
DO SUCH A
THING!



TO ME, IT IS
THE ONLY WAY
LEFT TO END
THE TERROR!

BUT THERE ARE MANY PEACE-
FUL, LAW-ABIDING APACHES
WHO WOULD BE INNOCENT
VICTIMS OF GREEDY BOUNTY
HUNTERS! I WISH YOUR
CURE WILL BE WORSE
THAN THE DISEASE!



LATER, IN THE CASA DIORO CAFE IN JUAREZ...

HERE'S YOUR SHARE, CARLOS! WE AREN'T GOIN' TO GET MUCH COMPETITION FROM ACROSS THE BORDER, I HEAR! THE COLONEL OVER THERE IS WATCHIN' FOR AMERICANS WHO WANT TO CROSS AND BECOME BOUNTY HUNTERS!—LOGIC! MORE REVENUE!



I HAVE BEEN IN THE HILLS AND FOUND A BETTER WAY TO MAKE MONEY!

BETTER?

SHUH! BUT FOR THIS WE EACH JUST BRING IN AN ANISO! IT WILL TAKE FOUR MEN AND A WIG-OUT TO WORK THE PLAN OF MINE!



WHY THE WIG-OUTS BOUNTY HUNTIN' IS LEGAL HERE?



OF COURSE, BUT HE NO LONGER HUNT ARCHE SCALPS! IN THE HILLS, I HAVE MET AN ARCHE CHIEFTAIN!—HE IS FRIENDLY TO ME! HE WILL PAY US ONE HUNDRED IN DOLLAR FOR EVERY MEXICAN MAN HE SELL TO HIM AS A SLAVE!

SAH, THAT'S MORE'N TWO HUNDRED MEXICAN DOLLARS! —BUT IT'S DANGEROUS, PLUVIN' BOTH ENDS LIKE THIS! DOES HE KNOW YOU'RE A BOUNTY HUNTER AGAINST HIS OWN PEOPLE?



CARABAS, NO! I HAVE TELL HIM I THINK IT IS VERY WISE, ANISO!

THEN I WACKON WE'VE FOUND A WAY TO GET PLENTY OF CASH!



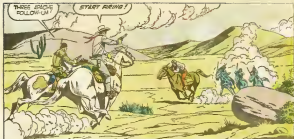
BUT FIRST, WE MUST EACH FIND AN ANISO TO HELP US! THEN CARLOS SHOW YOU WHERE WE FIND OUR FIRST GROUP OF SLAVES!

SEVERAL DAYS LATER...



POD DIO! HELP!

COME ON, SLAVES!



LATER, COLONEL ETON LISTENS TO THE MEXICAN'S STORY.

IT'S THE MOST OUTRAGEOUS THING I'VE EVER HEARD! AND TO THINK TWO AMERICANS ARE MIXED UP IN SUCH AN AFFAIR!

YOU CAN'T JUDGE A MAN BY HIS NATIONALITY, COLONEL! —THE BOUNTY HUNTING DECREE NO DOUBT ATTRACTED MANY UNSCRUPULOUS MEN FROM THIS SIDE OF THE BORDER!



BY THUNDER I BELIEVE IF HE COULD CAPTURE THE MEN WHO SOLD THIS MEXICAN INTO SLAVERY, I COULD GET THE GOVERNOR OF SONORA TO RESCIND THAT DECREE!

IT SHOULD CERTAINLY MAKE THE MEXICAN GOVERNMENT REALIZE THE EVIL IT HAS LED TO!



UNFORTUNATELY I CAN'T SEND SOLDIERS ACROSS THE BORDER, BUT YOU—

—I UNDERSTAND, COLONEL. TONTO AND I'LL CROSS THE RIO AT ONCE!



THE NEXT DAY...

SCAR ON FACE MADE YOU LOOK PLUMPY TONTO. KEMO SABAY!

I HOPE THIS DISGUISE AND MY ACT ARE CONVINCING ENOUGH TO HELP ME CONTACT THE GANG OF SLAVERS, TONTO! FROM WHAT THE MEXICAN SAID, THEY SHOULD OPERATE OUT OF JUAREZ!



IT STILL BE PLUMPY HARD TO FIND-UM IN TOWN LIKE JUAREZ!

THIS IS THE ROAD TO JUAREZ! —COME ON, ELKER!



LATER...



TAKE THE HORSES, TONTO! THIS IS THE BIGGEST CAFE IN TOWN AND THE ONE LIED BY AMERICANS! LET'S HOPE IT'S USED BY THE TWO OUTLAWS FROM OUR SIDE OF THE BORDER!

FOR TWO DAYS, THE DESPERED LONE RANGER
FREQUENTS THE CAFE...



STILL NOT DRINKING
TROUBLE—JUST
EATIN' HERE?

CAN'T AFFORD TO
DRINK!! NEED A STEADY
HAND!! I HEARD THEY SAY
YOU WELD DOWN HERE FOR
HUNTIN' APACHES!! I OUGHT
TO BE GOOD AT THAT—
KILLED A LOT OF RED-
SKINS IN MY TIME!

THE NEXT DAY...

GET ANY APACHE
SCALPS, STRANGER?



NO! COULDN'T FIND
ANY REDSKINS
AROUND! I'D SURE
LIKE TO HITCH UP
WITH SOMEONE WHO
KNOWS THESE HILLS! I'D
DO THE SHOOTIN' IF
HE'D JUST FIND THE
CRITTERS FOR ME!



SO YOU'RE LOOKIN'
FOR APACHE SCALPS?
HOW'D YOU CROSS
THE BO—THOUGHT
THE COLONEL ON
BORDER PATROL HAD
IT ALL SEALED UP?

WELL, I JUST
UNSEALED IT!



THE BARKER HERE
SAID YOU CLAIM TO
BE A FAST MAN WITH
A GUN!

THE LAST MAN WHO
DOUBTED THAT CLAIM
DIED OF LEAD, POISONING
RISTER!



GUT THE BS TALK! YOU
SOUND LIKE A TINKER
TO ME!

WHAT WAS
THAT?



I SAID YOU WERE A FAKE
AND MY ~~BOY~~ ~~CLUB~~ WILL BACK
ME UP ON THAT!





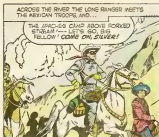






ACROSS THE RIVER THE LONG RANGERS MEET
THE MEXICAN TROOPS, AND...

THE SPAC-28 CAMP ABOVE FORKED
STREAM!—LET'S GO, BIG
FELLOW! COME ON, SILVER!



BOON...

HAVE THE MEN DISMOUNT
AND PROCEED ON FOOT!

BE SURE!
WE FOLLOW
QUENTLY!



RED ARROW PICKED HIS
SITE WELL—IF HIS MEN SEE
US FIRST, THEY'LL BE FIRING
DOWN ON US, TONTO!



KEND
SABAY!

WE CAN'T RISE HIM
UNSEEN! THERE'S ONLY
ONE THING WE CAN
TRY, TONTO!







THEIR LEADER HOUNDED, HOPLESSLY SURROUNDED, THE APACHES SURRENDER.

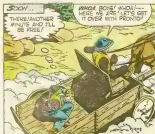




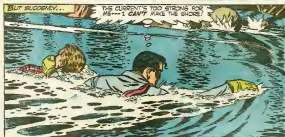
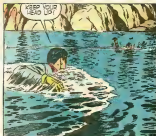


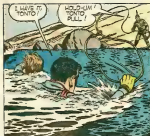












I HAVE IT, TONTO!

WOULDN'T TONTO PULL!



LATER...
CARRISON,
WAKE UP!

WHERE
AM I?

IN OUR CAMP BY
THIS RIVER! WE
BOUGHT YOU FROM
THE RIVER! TONTO
BANDAGED YOUR
WOUND!



Y-THINK I DON'T
RUBB ANYONE WOULD
HEAR MY—Y-YOU'RE
HACKED!

THAT DOESN'T
MEAN I'M AN
OUTLAW!



I RECKON YOU WOULDN'T
BE WILLIN' TO HELP A MAN
WHO WEARS A DEPUTY'S
BADGE IF YOU WERE ON
THE DOORS!

THAT'S A NASTY
WOUND! WHO
SHOT YOU?

As deputy McCool regains his strength, he tells of the jail break and soon...



McCool, you need a doctor's
attention! Tonto will take you
to one in Sharpville, while I
ride up to the canyon rim
and try to pick up the
outlaw's trail!

BUT IT'S MY
JOB TO GO
AFTER THOSE
CROOKS!



YOU TOO WEAK NOW!
KEND BABBY TRAIL-UM!
BUT HE THINK IT GOOD
RAIN PLENTY HARD!

IF IT DOES,
IT'LL WASH
OUT THAT
WAGON TRACKS
AND THOSE GUY—
HOOTELL ESCAPE
FOR GOOD!











SUDDENLY, AS THE LONE RANGER PUTS ALL HIS STRENGTH TO BEAR IN A LAST DESPERATE EFFORT...



SOON...

KEEP RIDING TOWARD THE DEERHORN KNIFE, BUT THERE'LL BE NO POT OF GOLD FOR YOU THERE—JUST THE QUADRA-VILLE JAIL!

QUADRAVILLE, I mean IF I'M IN LUCK, ACCOOL AND RIX OUGHTA BE RIGH' BACK UP THIS TRAIL, JUST ABOUT NOW!



QUICKLY TONTO TELLS OF THE OUTLAW'S CAPTURE AND HOW THEY LED THE SHERIFF AND RIX BACK TOWARD THE LIDE-OUT.



STRONG BOW'S VISION



Strong Bow, the young Pueblo hunter, was far from home. The trail of the antelope that he had wounded at long range had led him into a country whose strangeness took away his breath. All about him rose eroded rock needles, spires, towers, and giant toad-stools, which soared hundreds of feet straight upward. In the narrow spaces between their bases the sunlight was almost cut off.

Through these towering monuments the wind whistled with an eerie moaning. Strong Bow shivered a little. He thought of turning back—but there was a wounded buck somewhere ahead!

Strong Bow fastened his gaze on the antelope's tracks, and pushed on. He had another arrow on his bowstring—for the buck might still get away and recover from his wound. With his eyes on the ground, or scanning the brush ahead, the Pueblo youth did not see the black thundercloud forming rapidly overhead.

Half an hour later, he stepped around a tall rock tower—and halted, gasping at what he saw!

Before him stretched a green valley, three or four miles long, walled in by sheer, unscalable walls of rock. A little stream moved through its length, bordered with willows. A bunch of deer bounded away through the long grass. Ducks rose in fright from a little

pond. A hunter's paradise!

Strong Bow moved a few steps farther. The narrow space between the towers where he had entered seemed to be the Valley's only outlet—and one that would be hard to find again! Strong Bow looked in vain for his antelope, before going farther—

And then the thunder boomed! It seemed to rock the valley. After it came the lightning, in sizzling forks and streaks which played among the great stone entrance towers.

Gleaming up, Strong Bow saw the huge rock balancing on the top of the nearest column. If it should fall, it would wedge itself in the entrance! Or else it would crush him to nothing!

On shaking legs, Strong Bow ran back the way he had come!

After a moment he stopped, surrounded by the maze of sky-piercing columns. How would he ever find his way out—unless he back-tracked and found the antelope's trail entering? But the rain would quickly wash THEM out! Unless he hurried—

To keep from making the same wrong turn twice, Strong Bow scratched a mark on the rock towers that he passed. At last he spotted his antelope track—and followed it to safety.

Two evenings later, he reached his home

canyon. But, within sight of the great, high cave where his people had built their homes, he heard the dread Apache war whoop. His village was being attacked!

This was a danger which every Pueblo boy had learned to expect. This was why they built their homes in high, shallow caves, which attackers could not easily reach. Strong Bow counted his remaining arrows, and vowed to make every one of them count.

He could see the Apaches—climbing toward the cave against a weak fire of stones and arrows. Apache bows were humming in the canyon below—covering the climb of the first attackers.

But Strong Bow's weapon was mightier, with a longer range than theirs. He let fly an arrow—and a climbing Apache fell from the cliff. Fifteen arrows he had—and fifteen Apaches felt their bite! It seemed to them that many warriors must have caught THEM in a trap!

Suddenly they fled, taking their wounded with them!

Strong Bow's return was greeted with shouts of joy by his friends—but HIS joy was short-lived. His father, Long Axe, lay dying, pierced by an Apache shaft. Strong Bow knelt at the old warrior's side, to hear his last words.

"My son," Long Axe whispered, "you must lead our people away from here—before the Apaches return in greater numbers! Lead them to a place of safety—where they will grow to be a strong tribe . . . Ask the Great



Spirit to show you. . . ."

That night, after old Long Axe had been laid to rest, Strong Bow sat alone at the Cave's edge. Perhaps he fell asleep. At any rate, he seemed to hear a Voice saying: "Look! This is the place where your people must live and grow strong! I have shown it to you before!"

Before the mind of Strong Bow a picture took form. It was a picture of the Hidden Valley to which the antelope had guided him!

Strong Bow leaped to his feet. He shouted to wake his people. As they came out of their stone houses inside the Great Cave, he told them of his Vision. He said they must gather up food and tools and weapons and start at once.

"But what if the Apaches catch us on the march?" one warrior asked. "They would kill us in the open—and take our women and little ones to be slaves!"

"Fear not!" Strong Bow replied. "The Great Spirit Himself will guard us. He has not showed me the Valley of Safety for nothing!"

And Strong Bow was right. Two days later Strong Bow led them into the maze of rock towers and spires, following the marks he had made. No Apaches crossed their trail. But to make sure that no enemies would ever follow them into the Valley, Strong Bow climbed to the great Belonging Rock—and pushed it over. It fell—and blocked the Valley's only entrance—forever!



YOUNG HAWK





BURNED! AND NO
SIGN OF LIFE---



IF LITTLE BUCK
AND OUR ADOPTED
FAMILY HAVE BEEN
KILLED---



NO! THEY'RE ALIVE! THESE
TRACKS SHOW IT! THEY'VE
BEEN TAKEN CAPTIVE ---
MARCHED AWAY UNHURT!
EVEN TIMBLEWEE!



CHRR-
UPP!

BUT THAT RAIDING PARTY HAS
TAKEN OUR FOOD, OUR FURS ---
DESTROYED OUR HOME! MADE
SLAVES OF MY COMPANIONS!
I WILL FOLLOW ---
AND SET THEM FREE!



I MEAN--- WE'LL SET THEM FREE,
LITTLE BROTHER! LITTLE WARRIOR!
IF YOUR BODY WERE AS LARGE AS
YOUR COURAGE, NO ONE COULD
EVER DEFEAT YOU!



PERHAPS I CAN FIND
SOME BIT OF FOOD THE
RAIDERS HAVE OVERLOOKED
IN THE RUINS! IT WILL SAVE
ME TIME IN FOLLOWING
THEM





IT'S NOT LIKE FRESH, JUICY STEAK, LITTLE BROTHER— BUT IT'S FOOD—



YELP!

THUMP!

WITHOUT WARNING, A SMALL, SHAGGY DOG HURLS ITSELF UPON YOUNG HARK, WITH A JOYOUS YELP.



---UH? TUMBLEWEED! YOU?

MMMM-YUH!



TUMBLEWEED, YOU LITTLE RASCAL! YOU FOUND ME! BUT YOU ALMOST GOT YOURSELF KILLED—JUMPING WE UNAWARES!

KERCEEE! CHIRRA-CHIRRA!



MMMM! I SEE HOW YOU HAPPENED TO BE OUT HERE, ALONE! THAT CHIRPED EAR, AND BITTEN SHOULDER SHOW! THE CAMP DOGS DROVE YOU OUT! AND YOU'RE HALF STARVED!



HAH— (SN-PR)

THERE'S A GOOD BELLYFUL— AND ALMOST THE LAST OF MY ORED MEAT! BUT I'LL SCOUT THE BLACKFEET CAMP TOMORROW—



THAT NIGHT YOUNG HAWK AND HIS TWO FRIENDS, IN FEATHERS AND FUR, CUDDLE CLOSE FOR WARMTH BESIDE THE SNOW-CAMP'S FIRE.



NEXT MORNING ---

I'LL TIE YOU HERE, WHERE IT'S WARM AND OUT OF THE WIND, TUMLENGED! --- AND WHERE YOU WON'T BARK AND GIVE ME AWAY TO THE BLACK- FEET CAMP!

EEETUM?



REACHING THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE ENEMY CAMP ---

THE BLACKFEET ARE STARTING TO MOVE ABOUT! HERE COMES A BUNCH OF SOLDIERS --- TO GATHER WOOD, I GUESS! AND --- SEE! THAT'S LITTLE BUCK WITH THEM!



TRUDGING THROUGH THE SNOW, THE WOOD- GATHERING PARTY MOVES SLOWLY INTO THE TREES, WATCHED BY A BRAVE ON SNOWSHOES.



YOUNG HAWK MUST HAVE TRAILED US! HE MUST BE NEAR ---

LITTLE BUCK BEGINS EDGING AWAY FROM THE REST, HIS EYE ON THE BLACKFEET GUARD.



KEE-KEE! CHIR-UP! CHIR-UP!

OH-OH! I KNOW THAT CHATTERING! IT'S LITTLE BROTHER!



ALONG LITTLE BUCK'S FLOODING TRAIL, THE BLACKFEET GUARD MOVES EASILY ON SNOWSHOES, WATCHFUL AND SUSPICIOUS.



NO, THERE, SLAVE? COME BACK HERE! WHAT ARE YOU GOING?

MY ANKLE? I CAN'T—MMMM! — CAN'T CARRY ANY MORE WOOD!



I'LL TELL YOU WHAT YOU CAN DO— AND WHAT YOU CAN'T, SLAVE! GET UP ON YOUR FEET, OR—



YUH-SUGG!

LIKE A POUNING LYMO, YOURS HERE LANDS ON THE SHENY'S BACK, HUFFLING HIS SHOUT.



YUH-SUGG!

LITTLE BUCK— QUICK— OR WE'LL YELL AND BRING THE CAMP!



CRACK!

— ROTTEN WOOD!









DO YOUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING EARLY!

THIS HANDY, MONEY-SAVING WAY!

Don't delay — Christmas will soon be here.

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SACRED HORSE LODGE DRUM was played at a dance held just before going to raid enemy horses. The symbol on the drum represents a lake that was haunted by a mythical horse.



THUNDER DRUM used by the Menominee to speak to the thunder god and avert disaster.



PIEGAN SACRED DRUM. The spots represent the stars. It can only be used by the medicine men.



GUESSING GAME DRUM was used by the Menominee Indians in a game called "guessing game." The game consisted of hiding a bullet in a pair of moccasins. The opposing team had to guess exactly where the bullet was hidden within the moccasins. The other team kept them from guessing by playing on the drum and singing to confuse or distract them.



COMBINATION RATTLE AND DRUM was used only to entertain a child, and especially to stop his crying, more or less as a baby's rattle is used.



MEDICINE DRUM, used to cure sickness.

INDIAN DRUMS

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Indian drums have special meanings, and many were believed to have magical properties. Sometimes a drum was the exclusive property of one man, and in it the owner had placed his special magic. Other drums possessed magic for a whole group.



GROUSE LODGE DRUM was given to a Piegan woman by a grouse. The head of the drum represents the base of the secret lodge. Inside is painted the hoofprint of a horse.



THE QUIBWAY WATER DRUM. Before use, the head of the drum was removed, and water poured into the drum. The amount of water in it changed the tone.

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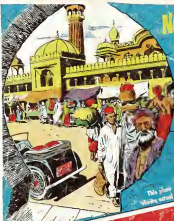
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